[Peterson's Magazine, January, 1855] What alls the women? What alls the women?
What alls the men?
What alls the old rooster?
What alls the len?
The chickens fly.
And the children cry,
The old wives scold,
And the husbands sigh,
And "rock-a by baby," the sister sings,
"If I was a dove and had silver wings.
Up the church steeple and far away,
I'd fly at the dawn of a washing day"

A WASHING DAY.

y at the dawn of a washing of For never a minute of peace I get;
The "Sancho" is in it—
The floor is wet;
For soap and suds;
And scaling, and choking,
And furning and smoking,
And puff and spatter.
And wring and souse,
And such a clatter
All ever the house.
What alls the women?
What alls the old rooster?
What alls the len!
The beat is scratching.

The hen is scratching, Forgotten, forforn; The rooster is watching The roester is watching
In vain for corn;
The men are all mad,
For the wemen say,
"A picked-up dinner
Or none, to day."
"La! I'm tired," the old dame cries,
Wiping the soap-suds out of her eyes;
"Mercy upon us!" the daughter sings.
"If I was a dove and had silver wings.
Up the church steeple and far away,
I'd fly at the dawn of a washing day."

TWO EASTER DAYS.

The quaint little church on Gosport island radiated a new glory this Easter morn. Merabel was accustomed to city churches, and a full purse led her to imagine that a wealth of lovelines would be a necessity. The mass of lilies grouped around the plain wooden desk, and scattered profusely everywhere, gave the homely structure a touch of beauty. The one aisle seemed to broaden with dignity as noisy footsteps from the outer world clattered over it. The bell pealed forth so joyously that the fisher folk listened and wondered how it could be the same that sometimes sent a knell through their hearts, as it mournfully tolled its warning to brave souls struggling with

the mighty billows in storm and fog.

The humble fisher folk entered the house of God with reverence and super-The men came in their rough garb, their furrowed and weather-beaten faces shining with a new delight. There were women who knew nothing but poverty and toil; whose daily walk was measured by the ever-sounding waves; whose lives were as bare of beauty as the rocks of their homes bare of verdure. The girls had used all means at hand to make themselves pretty; their smiling faces told of a bit of sunshine in their monotonous lives, while an occasional droop of the eyes when some fisher lad spoke to them revealed the divine seal of the soul asserting its birthright in the humblest. The pastor was the idol of his flock and the surprise of their guests Boston born and bred he was an easis of culture and righteousness in the desert island of ignorance; a genial soul amid duller minds; the helper and confidant of the poor. He, too, rejoiced in this expression of the peace and good will from those not of them.

Merabel saw it all as she glauced over

the Easter anthem she was to sing; never thinking all this fresh delight and smiles and bright spirits were the reflection of her own sunny temper. For it was Merabel's idea and it had come to her through a chance remark made by Wal-ter Martindale. They were in the con-servatory—a favorite haunt. Merabel was softly humming a snatch from a favorite song:

"Be still, sad heart and cease repining." Behind the clouds is the sun still shining." "What are the particular clouds now

obscuring your horizon?" Walter asked, noting her beaming face.

"Everything," she returned with drooping eyes. "My new gown may not be finished for Easter; some of my mis-sion boys occasionally wax rebellious; and I have no time for Brown-Could you imagine clouds more

"Yes."
"Well, Browning is wonderfully con-

well, browning is wonderfully con-soling. In digging out the jewels and unveiling the golden threads of his elo-quence, you forget your own special hopes and fears, soarings and grovel-lings in wondering what he will say about them in general."

"But if one does not wish to forget."

The color grew deeper in Merabel's cheek. Then with one of her brilliant touches of strategy, she dashed off into a half-earnest, half-satrical criticism of their efforts at the last reading circle. To Walter, Merabel always seemed to scintilate with fascinating enthusiasm over some prank of her own, the loss of some cherished wish, or a particular fad of the day-everything but himself. She was forever humming and buzzing among the flowers of life, sipping the honey from all, by some strange intuition gathering the sweets and leaving no trace of the bitter behind them. Dancing, fluttering, pulsing with superb vitality, she sometimes paused on the brink of love-but only for a moment,

Charming in person, quick of wit, ever tender and courteous, when he chose, Walter Martindale could hold her spell-bound with his words and the love light in his eye. But when his sparkling wit ever so cautiously softened beneath the spell of her eyes, and wandered into elysian fields, the submissive spirit hanging on his words took wings and soared away like a frightened bird. Then he would simply smile perhaps he would simply smile, perhaps sigh and bide his time, a prick of conscience tormenting him.

Flushed and tremulous Merable paused as Ralph Dayton's music floated in to them. "Ralph isin his sea mood, tonight," she breathed. "I like it. Those liquid notes thrill with sadness; they are like the mournful ryhtm of the sea when the sky is gray and the tempest on the

wing."
"I always associated you with the sea," Walter murmured half abstractedly "Your bright wit is always bubbling and "Your bright wit is always in some sunny land. When you float as you sometimes do in your sea green dress and water lilies, you seem like a veritable water spirit.

"And the angry waves you think are typical also?" she archly questioned.
"Great billows of passion sometimes sweep over your soul, bearing it along 'harborward' in spite of itself. But a barrier of so ne kind inevitably sends it

out to sea again."
"Would you have it dash me against the hidden rocks?"

the hidden rocks?"

Walter winced, as when a bleeding wound is touched. "A hidden rock" he repeated to himself. "It can be rent asunder, and it shall. It shall wreck neither her life nor mine." His violent agitation caused the veins to stand out on his forehead and brought a fierce look into his eyes that surprised Merabel. "It is the heavy incoming sea that sends the boat to shore and safety." he sends the boat to shore and safety," he

added with a faint smile. 'Yet it might hurl it on the sands with such force as to wreck it after all. Open sea, plemty of room is what the old sail-

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Pitcher's Casteria.

keep in the open sea of the world; with eyes open for whiripools, and the deadly mountain peaks of lost continents known as rocks," she laughed.

Again Walter Martindale cringed.

Then with an expression of contempt he thought, "I believe I am yet master of that piece of flesh known to mortals as my individual self." The notes kept falling in soft cadences. "What is the matter with Ralph to-night? Too sad!" he exclaimed rousing himself. "It is like the wail of a despairing soul bidding abieu to every hope; to life 'itself; crushed beneath a weight of disappointed ambition, resolve, aspiration." His eyes were almost pleading; the voice expressed the throbbing of a tumultuous, passionate heart fighting for freedom and victory. "Or is it my mood?" he lightly added

Just then the music hushed, Merabel nervously crushed the stem of a great waxen hip, and the spell was broken. "You must contribute that to my bou-quet for the Shoals," Walter exclaimed. "I am going to Gosport at Easter with an

offering. Flowers are angels' visits on those bare rocks. The pastor and family are personal friends their home is on

Star Island. "You shall have the flowers and more." Then after a pause, "I will arrange for an Easter party to laden with blossoms, love and cheer. We will sail over Saturday afternoon," she went on impulsively, "and make everything bloom like a rose. We will remember to have some substantials tucked in with beauty and fragrance. I believe a flash of sunshine bursting into a dreary existence is a step to a higher life on earth

and to heaven. "Are you always ready to beautify the life of any poor mortal that chances to cross your path?" he questioned with a significance she did not notice, and would

not have understood if she had,
"Perhaps," she laughed, "if I have
plenty of contributors to the generosity. Will you be one of the benefactors in this novel sheeme."

"Certainly."
And then and there it was arranged that Walter should secure the dory ready to convey them to Gosport next Saturday

afternoon. As he was leaving the house Ralph Dayton joined him. "Look here, my boy," he said affectionately, "as an older cousin, Merabel is under my care, during her Eastern trip. I am somewhat re-sponsible for her."
"Well!" was the reply rather curtly

given. "You must not entice her into a flirta-"It is no flirtation with me. I was go-

ing to tell you to-night as far as my own feelings are concerned."
"But you must have some strength of

"Do you mean that I have none because I cannot help loving a girl like Merabel?"

"You understand me."
"The best of us sometimes yield to moods we have resolutely declared we would not. Frail humanity should not be wholly condemned for a little lapse now and then."

But those little lapses show a defective part in us; they must be remedied.mended, replaced by something better, or they spoil us. Every lapse makes an uglier rent in the moral web of us; one that will require more patience, more good strong filling to repair. I know very well that a fall in one particular direction, personally affecting Merabel, would turn all the brightness of her earth to utter darkness."
"It shall never return to utter darkness

through me. I have left the broad road to destruction." "You have said that before. How long

"Since I have known Merabel. I determined that she should be mine the even-ing you introduced me to her. I have been waiting for some response from her before mentioning it."
"And you have had none?"

"None that I am sure of."

"Walter you know you have no better friend than myself. But Merabel is dear to me also. If she accepts your love, she must do it with a full knowledge of your faults-and that she would never do, un-less the love came first, too strong for undoing; and in the end it would bring her only misery."
"Ralph, save youself all anxiety.

wish I were as sure of her as I am of never causing a tear if she were once

As they stopped for a moment in the glare of the night lamp, Ralph looked with new admiration upon his friend's manly pride and bearing, his sparkling humor and courageous heart. He devout-ly wished Merabel might save him, and half believed she would. "Yet," he half believed she would. "Yet," he muttered as he turned homeward, "things are getting serious and she must know. I will tell her to-night." But he was called away.

A dark cloud shadowed Walter Martin-

dales's life, dimming his brilliant talents, his commanding presence, his keen intelligence. He had come to Portsmouth from the Old Granite state a few years before, a young lawyer, and had won a lucrative position by persistent effort and love of his profession. But of late there were rumors that he twas not always what he chould be. Het twas not always what he chould be. what he should be; that taverns and lounging places saw too much of him; that now and then he dined far too recklessly at the club, or gave diffense by his uncontrollable tongue. Then Merabel came, but when he thought of it. Ralph Dayton remembered a long time had passed without bringing to light any of those foolish escapades. No wonder he hesitated to break the spell of redemp-

When, on the following Saturday af-ternoon, the dory started for the Shouls with its happy freight, and the schooner that was to carry Walter, Merabel and her special friends was delayed till twilight, the brilliant western sky, the sweet scented air, the silvery puffs of foam along the shore gave no cause of alarm to inexperienced eyes. The warning of older ones could not dampen their ardor; surely there could be no storm of wind or cloud on the way to Gosport! They started, Merabel under the spell of the entrancing waves, the charm of Walter's conversation, and the delight that ever comes from healthful county. comes from healthful youth; Walter be-lieving the shadow had lifted, the former ways robbed of all attraction, the bent of a natural disposition gone, taking with them the prick of disloyalty; for in his secret soul, his fine sense of honor cringed at the thought of seeming what be was not in the sweetness and purity mirrored in Merabel's eyes.

But their laughter was soon hushed. When well out of harbor the wind came. It grasped the little craft as in the hol-low of its hand and tossed it like a bauble. The waves leaped and hissed, throwing their angry spray over deck and mast. Wrapped in unused sails for added protection, Merabel's party watched and waited. The stuffy little cabin was full, and if they must be lost they wished to be on deck. Once in a lull Merabel rose to save a fluttering shawl. The yessel

Children Cry for

oralike. One must learn of them and keep in the open sea of the world; with eyes open for whiripools, and the deadly mountain peaks of lost continents known as rocks," she laughed.

"Thank God," he murmured with pale lips, a life of thankfulness vibrating in

his voice Merabel heard the words. Then louder than the dash of spray or roaring wind, a new music struck the keynote of a strange melody within her. Only the first strain rang out its sweetness. but Walter's watchful eye detected it, though he said no more. At last, after hours of fear and suffering they outrode the blast; the really short distance was cressed, and they landed safely in Appledore for the night. No dory could reach Gosport in such a sea. But on the morrow, with the sunlight all about them, the glad party surprised their friends across the

party surprised their friends across the way with an early morning salutation. "Why, Merabel!" Mrs. Dayton exclaimed. "I supposed you were safe at home. We were ahead of the wind. How dared you s'art against warning?" Merabel smiled and declared, that now that ware out of it dies it. they were out of it alive, it was a grand experience. And then the little church was made a shrine of loveliness; the

hearts. How dreary these bare, desolate rocks must be through all the long winter. It is almost dreary now, in this unusually fine April. I do not believe this island was ever intended to be in-habited."

"It is anything but dreary now," old pastor declared, "with all this brightness come into it,"

"And the inside of this modest cathedral is a dream of beauty," Walter added. "Fortunate the gale-did not sweep it all away.

Merabel's face, as she stood among the lilies so radiant with happin ss, shone out like a star. When her voice rose clear and full, singing of the joy of that Easter morn 2000 years ago, it trembled with the burden of joy that had suddenly come into her own. come into her own heart. As the lips softly breathed the great love that compassed a world, the new melody of her soul chimed with it, completed. It might have been the still, heavy thud of the waves outside, making her shudder at the memory of the night before; it might have been the music incarnate within herself, pulsing with a new rhymic story of love, joy, sorrow, as she rippled the Easter strains; but, as slie stood so fresh and fair, the sunlight making or lists and tar, the sunlight making brilliant the changing lights and graces of her face, love silently crept into her heart, transfiguring her and crowning her with glory. Involuntary she gave one swift glance at Walter Martindale. And he, with soul all aglow in response, saw the quick flush of her check, the naw light in however, the same light in how are the same light in the light in how are the same light in the light in how are the same light in the light in th new light in her eyes, as they sent one brief message of love and trust through a threatened tear. He heard the new tender intonations of the sweet voice like the echo of silver bells-and knew

he had won.

Not till the fresh evening air with the breath of spring in it called them out for one more draft of its invigorating tonic, just as the stars were taking their places, one by one, did Walter adroitly lead Merabel a little apart from the rest.

"The silent stars, the silent mountains,

and the moaning of the never silent sea,"
he quoted. "They typify life. The
stars are worlds of brightness tantalizing us, but which we can never reach. The mountains are huge obstacles in our pathway, often too steep and rough for weary feet to scale; and the mounings are the mounings of our souls because we cannot."

And then, with the memory of the night before lingering in her heart, softly repeating, "Merabel," and the brightness of the morning singing in his, for a time the music of the waves, the stars, the stars, all forcester.

the earth, were all forgotten. "Your love would not have come to me now," he said later, as they were Of all seasons in the year, is the one for turning homeward, "had it not been for the wickedness of the sea. It was born of the tempest."

"And may partake of it," she smiled, with a touch of her old coquetry. "Great good may come through great tribulation, was always a harrowing con-solation to my soul," he went on, "but, dear, this time it is worth much more than it cost, thank God. May he grant that nothing but good come of it," he

ended earnestly.
When Ralph met them—for immediately on his return from a friend who was ill, on Sunday afternoon, he hired a boat to take him to the Shoals, a boat to take him to the Shoals, fearful lest the schooner had not lived fearful lest the schooner had not lived through the tempest—Merabel's blushes, the proud light in Walter's eyes, the stately poise of his head, the great joy written all over both their faces, told him it was too late for any word from him; and with a few remarks of his anxiety for them he passed on.

"Your name means beautiful sea,"
Walter said as they turned for one more

"Your name means ceautim sea, Walter said, as they turned for one more glance at its now calm waters. "Did you ever think of it? Merbella! But you are not the cold, wrecking sea of the North; but rather of some sunny land of the South where all is peace and warmth the South, where all is peace and warmth and beauty; a sea that saves life instead of destroying it."

of destroying it."

The days and weeks passed quickly, leaving only gladness in their train. But alas! "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." After a time the old life haunted Walter like a hideons thing. The taste for the old pleasures was not quite dead after all. A slip here, a dip there, a night's revel with the members of the club whither he could not take Merabel, and then, one dreadful day the sun of her world was blottid out. A rumor came that Walter had entered the court room in no condition to conduct court room in no condition to conduct his case, and it was postponed. Too often he could be found in places where he should not be.

"Merabel's brightness has begun to darken," Ralph said to him one day, expostulating with him.

"But I can't give her up, you know. I have not gone to the dogs yet. Have a little patience. It is harder for me to walk a chalk line than yeu, remember; you are composed of sobriety and coel calculation instead of impulse."

"See to it lest you step beyond the death line; a death line to both of you."
"Is there no place for pardon left?" he said lightly to Merabel when she was troubled, with a smile on his lips and the love light in his eye. "I shall not forget you again. Your mission is a grand one—the saving of me."

you again. Your mission is a grand one—the saving of me."

He knew he had touched the right chord in her soul; for beneath all the glow and sparkle lay a conscience susceptible, vibrating with the needs and frailties of other lives. And so the cloud would be lifted, letting the sunlight break through once more, amid laughter and tears and forebodings.

But the "places" of pardon became more and more frequent; Merabel's sky ever grew blacker. Then one morning a cloud of indignation within her, at the sin and waste and mysery of it all, broke into a shower of burning words. "Yes, I love you," she replied to some reproach of his, "or rather, I love what was once you—the one on the sea in the danger and darkness. I almost believe with Miss Ludington," she went on with a faint smile, "that souls die and others are born within us; that we are not the same beings we once were. Then, you were not as you are now," she ended tearfully.

"And you will throw me over?" The love in his heart shining out in his eyes imploring her to forgive the pain he caus-

"I should learn to lothe the being you would become," she shuddered.
"You send me rather into the abyss?
The bottom is easily reached."

She looked piteously toward him. "It remains wholly with yourself," her lips trembled. "Is there no help?" Yet was it not his

selfishness asking her to accept a life of broken promises, in return for all her loyalty and love? For beneath all, and he knew it, lay a burning consciousness that such it must be. He was losing faith in himself. He was shorn of his

"If I cannot help you now, I never can.
It seems I have utterly failed. No. Go!
You shall not ruin my life as you have your own. When you have become the was made a shrine of loveliness; the fisher folk both great and small were rendered happy with kindly remembrances.

"I dare say they have never had a really beautiful Easter before," Merabel exclaimed, "beautiful without and within and with so much sunshine in their thearts. How dreary these bare, desolate rocks must be through all the long winshine in the rocks must be through all the long winshine in their cry almost breaking her resolution, she left the room.

she left the room.

After a time, a long time, Merabel took

up the old life again, with its gayeties left out. The old sparkle ever bubbling and overflowing was less brilliant; per-haps something sweeter had come to dwell in its place, but it told of a crucible of fire,
Thus the days and months passed

wearily along till five years had gone by and Walter had not returned. Merabel gave him up as dead to her, and what was worse, as dead to talent, honor, life,

Again she stood among Easter lilies. this time in a fashionable city church, The choir had been rehearsing for the morrow. When the last hymn was over and nearly all were gone, Merabel sang again two lines of it:

"Love's redeeming work is done. Fought the fight, the victory won." "Merabel!" called the last of her

friends at the door.

The name had been cchoing and reechoing all day in her heart and she did not hear them. Sometimes it rang with the clear full tones of the tempest; sometimes with the grief of despair. Never in all the years had Walter seemed so

near her as on this day.
"Merabel—Merabel—Merabel?" There was a new ken to the notes. Joy and melancholy mingled, but with them vi-brated the rich full tones of conquest. "I have done your bidding," breathed the manly voice of Walter Mertindale, standing before the girl he loved, with strength, pride and victory for his coronet. "I have done your bidding. I have

net. "I have done your bidding. I have come for you.

"Love's redeeming work is done' for earth, and I hope for heaven. The fight is fought, the victory won. I can sing it with you this giad Easter time. I could not turn to the old life if I would. It is buried forever. And its resurrection morn is glowing with the dawn of purified bliss. It was a struckle, but it purified bliss. It was a struggle, but it can be done if one wills. On one side, home, honor, happiness, heaven; on the other, an outcast, spurned, with devils for your angels."

As he had been speaking, Merabel, with

eyes all aglow, involuntarily drew near him. Almost dazed she listened with parted lips, burning cheeks, stifled breath.

"It is which one chooses," the wellknown voice went on. "It depends on what one leves the best. And first, last, always, you have been my polar star. Come.—Emma Louise Orcutt, in the Homestead.

THE SPRING,

making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and akin, gives to the blood the purity and quality neces-sary to good health and overcomes that

THE SEASON AT ROUND LAKE. The announcements for the season of 1893 at Round Lake are contained in the March number of the Round Lake Mir-

ror, just issued, and are as follows: Opening days of George West museum of art and archeology, July 3d, 4th and 5th; school of art, opens July 5th and closes August 16th; school of music, July 10th to August 25th; school of languages, July 10th to August 19th; grand music festival, July 24th to 29th; Interdenominational Sunday school assembly, July 31st to August 12th; minis ers' institute, August 14th to 26th; school of oratory, August 8th to 26th; C. L. S. C., or recognition day, August 12th; commencement day, August 12th; Round Lake camp meeting, August 26th to September 14th; fall term of Round Lake academy begins Sept. 11th, 1893.

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